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**Ingram's universal  
songster**

**London**

**[18--]**

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No. 1.

Price 1d.

# INGRAM'S UNIVERSAL SONGSTER

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## Contents of No. 1.

Cheer, Boys, Cheer!  
The Jolly Waggoner.  
Take back those Gems  
you gave me.  
The Mountain Maid.  
Ben Bolt.  
I love the Dewy Twilight  
Mr. and Mrs. White's  
Journey.  
The Low-back'd Car.  
Jeremy Diddler.  
On a May-day Morning  
Early.  
Such a Dancin' ob de  
Niggers.

The Soldier Tired.  
Ben Block.  
The Brave Old Oak.  
The Light of other Days  
Sally in our Alley.  
The Minstrel Boy.  
Love in a Hay-band.  
Be a Good Boy and take  
of Yourself.  
Pop goes the Weasel.  
Katty Darling.  
Where is the Rover?  
Dickey Dutton.  
Still so Gently.  
The Lads of the Village.

&c. &c. &c.

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LONDON:

Published by G. INGRAM, 3, Britannia Street, City  
Road.

# INGRAM'S UNIVERSAL SONGSTER

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## CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

Cheer! boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow;  
Courage! true hearts, shall bear us on the way;  
Hope points before and shows the bright to-mor-  
row,

Let us forget the darkness of to-day.

So farewell, England! much as we may love thee  
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before;

Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?  
So farewell, England! farewell evermore!

Cheer, boys, cheer! for England, mother England!

Cheer, boys, cheer! the willing strong right hand;

Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest  
labour;

Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

Cheer, boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing  
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast;

The world shall follow in the track we're going;  
The star of Empire glitters in the West.

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U.1 Here we had toil, and little to reward it,  
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain,  
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,  
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.  
Cheer, boys, cheer! for England, mother England!  
Cheer, boys, cheer! united heart and hand;  
Cheer, boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour.  
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

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### THE JOLLY WAGGONER.

When first I went a waggoning,  
A waggoning did go—  
I fill'd my parents' hearts full  
Of sorrow, grief, and woe,  
And many are the hardships  
That I have gone through,  
But sing, Wo! my lads, sing, Wo!  
Drive on my lads, I O!  
And who can lead the life  
Of a jolly waggoner.

It is a cold and stormy night,  
And I'm wet to the skin;  
But I'll bear it with contentment,  
Till I get to the inn.  
Then I will get a drinking,  
With the landlord and his friends.  
And sing, Wo! &c.

Now summer it is coming,  
What pleasures we shall see!  
The small birds are a singing  
In every green tree.

The black-birds and the thrushes  
Are whistling in the grove.

And sing, Wo! &c.

Now Michaelmas is coming,

What pleasures we shall find ;

It will make the gold to fly

My boys, like chaff before the wind,

And every lad shall take his lass,

And set her on his knee.

And sing, Wo! &c.

## TAKE BACK THOSE GEMS YOU GAVE ME.

Take back those gems you gave me,

I prized them but for thee ;

Thou art changed, and they no longer

Possess one charm for me.

Alas, they but remind me

Of bright hopes passed away ;

Oh! would that they might banish

The dream of yesterday.

Thou canst not call me faithless,

For never word of mine

Was breathed or lightly spoken,

Say, was it so with thine.

Take back, &c.

And yet I'll not upbraid thee,

My presence shall not throw

One cloud upon thy pathway,

One shadow on thy brow.

Go, mingle with the thoughtless,

And revel with the gay!



Leave me the sad remembrance,  
That dream of yesterday.  
My last farèwell is spoken,  
One sad word lingers yet ;  
Although my voice might falter,  
My heart would say forget.

Take back, &c.

---

### THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

The mountain maid from her bow'r has hied,  
And sped to the glassy river's side,  
Where the radiant moon shone clear and bright,  
And the willows wav'd in the silver light.  
On a mossy bank lay a shepherd swain,  
He woke his pipe to a tuneful strain,  
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd  
That he charmed the ear of the Mountain Maid.

She stopp'd with timid fear oppress'd,  
While a soft sigh swells her gentle breast,  
He caught her glance, and mark'd her sigh  
And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye.  
So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,  
He charm'd her tender soul to pity,  
And so blithely gay were the notes he play'd  
That he gain'd the heart of the Mountain Maid.

---

### BEN BOLT.

Music published by Duff & Hodgson, Oxford-st.

Oh ! don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,  
Sweet Alice with hair so brown,  
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,  
And trembled with fear at your frown.

In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,  
 In a corner, obscure and alone,  
 They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,  
 And sweet Alice lies under the stone.  
 They have fitted a slab of granite so grey,  
 And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh! don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt,  
 Near the green sunny slope of the hill;  
 Where oft we have sung 'neath its wide spreading  
 shade,

And kept time to the click of the mill.  
 The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt,  
 And a quiet now reigns all around,  
 See, the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet,  
 Lies scatter'd and fallen to the ground.

See, the old rustic porch, &c.

Oh! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,  
 And the master so kind and so true,  
 And the little nook by the clear running brook  
 Where we gather'd the flow'rs as they grew.  
 O'er the master's grave, grows the grass, Ben Bolt,  
 And the running little brook is now dry,  
 And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,  
 There remains, Ben, but you and I.

And of all, &c.

---

### POP GOES THE WEASEL

Some time ago the people said that English sports  
 were dying,  
 And dancing parties were so scarce that pretty  
 girls were crying;  
 Then the polkas they came out, and twopenny  
 hops were rising,

And Madame Taglioni's tricks they were indeed surprising.

But now, Black Sal and Dusty Bob, my Lord and Lady Teazel,

Lady Teazel.  
Go where you will, you'll hear it still, all dance  
Pop goes the Weasel.

This dance is very popular—it is, without deception:

Pop goes the Weasel's been to court, and met a good reception;

Our Queen has patronized the dance (no music could be riper),

Says Albert, "Let them dance away, John Bull must pay the piper!"

must pay the piper:  
This dance will cure you of the blues, the headache  
or the mensele,

or the mensle,  
So foot it out with toe and heel, and sing Pop goes  
the Weasel!

Pop goes the Weasel all admire—'tis such a lively  
trick, sirs!

trick, sirs!  
Each playhouse too has got it out, the Surrey and  
the Vic., sirs,

the Vic., sirs,  
The Pavilion and the Standard, the Britannia and  
the Eagle.

the Eagle,  
Rare fun it is to see them kiss, and dance Pop goes  
the Weasel. This dance, &c.

Now all you pretty girls beware when you are  
gaily prancing.

gaily prancing.  
And mind you watch your sweethearts well when  
you go out a dancing;

you go out a dancing;  
For if you give the rogues their way, as in the  
dance you are bustling,

They'll soon find out the artful dodge, and then  
they'll spoil your muslin.      This dance, &c.

A country lad the other day came all the way from  
Berkshire,

He'd heard folks say, that London was the place to  
have a lark, sir.

He roamed about the town all day, and at night  
went to the Eagle,

"I'm dang'd," says he, "but I must see Pop goes  
the Weasel!"      This dance, &c.

He sat and stared, with open mouth, at every thing  
around him,

Till a girl stepped up and said, she was so glad  
she'd found him.

"Hallo!" says he, "do you know me?—my name  
is Roger Teazel!"

"All right!" says she, "come home and see, Pop  
goes the Weasel."

She took poor Roger to a house down a very dark  
turning,

And told him he could lodge there, quite snug, till  
the morning.

She eased him of his watch and blunt, and left  
poor Roger Teazel,

And smiling said, "I'm off!—Pop goes the Wea-  
sel!"      This dance, &c.

An old maid exclaim'd, "I hav'nt danced for half  
a century.

But Pop the Weasel makes me feel as if I was but  
twenty.

The pretty girls of London town are nearly running  
mad, sir!

The Weasel dance they swear they'll learn, in  
 spite of man or dad, sir!" This dance, &c.  
 So now my dear mammas look out! take care of  
 your daughters!  
 Get them married off at once, or keep them in close  
 quarters,  
 Or after all your care to get them o'er the measles,  
 You'll have 'em falling deep in love with Pop goes  
 the Weasel! This dance, &c.

---

### KATTY DARLING.

The flowers are blooming, Katty Darling,  
 And the birds are singing on each tree,  
 Never mind your mother's cruel snarling,  
 My love you know I'm waiting for thee  
 The sun is sweetly smiling,  
 With his face so clear and bright,  
 Haste to your lover, Katty Darling,  
 Ere the morning will change to night.  
 Katty! Katty!  
 The flowers are blooming, &c.

Meet me in the valley, Katty Darling,  
 When the moon is shining o'er the sea,  
 Oh, meet me near the stream, Katty Darling,  
 And tales of love I'll tell unto thee;  
 When the twinkling stars are peeping,  
 Sure those eyes shine far more bright,  
 Oh, meet me in the valley, Katty Darling,  
 And our vows of love we'll pledge to-night.  
 Katty! Katty!  
 The flowers are blooming, &c.

Faith I'm smiling at your fears, Katty Darling,

When you say, you ne'er can be mine ;

I've sworn by the heavens, Katty Darling,

That this heart, love, alone was thine.

The sun is sweetly shining,

With his face so clear and bright,

Oh, come to your lover, Katty Darling.

Ere the morning will change to night.

Katty : Katty !

The flowers are blooming, &c.

### SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,

There's none like pretty Sally ;

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lives in our alley.

There's ne'er a lady in the land

That's half so sweet as Sally ;

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lives in our alley.

Of all the day's that in the week,

I dearly love but one day,

That's the day that comes betwixt

Saturday and Monday ;

For then I'm drest in all my best,

To walk abroad with Sally ;

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all,

Make game of me and Sally,

And (but for her) I'd better be

A slave, and row a galley ;

But when seven years are past away,  
 Oh! then, I'll marry Sally,  
 And then we'll pass our time so gay,  
 But not in our alley.

---

## THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A song to the Oak, the brave old Oak,  
 Who hath ruled in the green wood long,  
 Here's health and renown to his broad green crown  
 And his fifty arms so strong.  
 There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,  
 And the fire in the west fades out,  
 And he sheweth his might on a wild midnight,  
 When the storm through his branches shout,  
 Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,  
 Who stands in his pride alone,  
 And still flourish he a hail green tree,  
 When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old when the spring with cold,  
 Had brightened his branches grey,  
 Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet,  
 To gather the dew of May,  
 And that day was the rebeck gay.  
 They frolick'd with lovesome swains,  
 They are gone—they are dead—in the church-  
 yard laid,  
 But the tree it still remains.

Then here's, &c.

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas  
 chimes,  
 Was a merry sound to hear;

When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage  
small,

Were fill'd with good English cheer.

Now gold hath the sway—we all obey ;

And a ruthless king is he,

But he never shall send our ancient friend

To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here's, &c.

## BEN BLOCK.

Ben Block was a veteran of naval renown,

And renown was his only reward—

The Board had neglected his merits to crown,

For no interest had Ben with my Lord.

But yet staunch as old Benbow was sturdy old  
Ben,

And he would laugh at the canon's loud roar,

Until Death's-dealing broadside made balls to meet  
man,

And the scuppers were streaming with gore.

Nor could the lieutenant, poor stipend, provoke

His staunch mind by their scanty grog,

For his biscuit he'd break, turn a quid, crack a  
joke,

And drown care in a jorum of grog—

Thus for year after year, in a sea boat of state,

Poor Ben for his King fought and bled,

Until time had unthatch'd all the roof from his  
pate,

And the hair from his temples had fled.



Ben humbly saluted an insignificant Peer,  
 A first lord of the admiralty once,  
 Cried his lordship, Why, Ben. you have lost all  
 your hair,  
 Since the last time I peep'd at your sconce.  
 Why, my lord, replied Ben, if the truth must be  
 said,  
 Since a bald pate I've so long walk'd under,  
 There have so many captains walked over my  
 head,  
 Had you seen me quite scalpt it were no  
 wonder.

---

### THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

The light of other days is faded,  
 And all their glories past ;  
 For grief with heavy wing hath shaded  
 The hopes too bright to last.  
 The world which morning's mantle clouded  
 Shines forth with purer rays ;  
 But the heart ne'er feels in sorrow shrouded,  
 The light of other days.  
 But the heart ne'er feels, &c.

The leaf which Autumn tempests whither,  
 The birds which there take wing,  
 When winter's winds ase post come hither  
 To welcome back the spring ;  
 The very ivy on the ruin,  
 In gloomful life displays ;  
 But the heart alone sees no renewing  
 The light of other days.

# DICKY DUTTON.

Dick Dutton is my name, you'll ne'er find such  
another,  
Every body says I is, the picture of my mother;  
Every where to routs and plays, my figure I am  
sporting,  
And because I've got such winning ways, I wants  
to go a courting.

## CHORUS.

I wants a girl to fancy me, one that I could greet  
smart,  
Wouldn't I be proud d'ye see, if I could get a  
sweetheart.

I made cock sure of one by jove, ven first she did  
behold me,  
Down on my knees confest my love, and what do  
you think she told me?  
I vos no use to her by gosh, for she had got  
another,  
You are a nice young man but you vont vash, so  
go home to your mother.

Says I, my dear I is of age, and I have got no  
master,  
That's one of them ere hats she says, ther pepper'd  
well my castor,  
Ven to upbraid her I began, says she you stupid  
donkey,  
I prefers a nice young man, to such a stupid  
monkey.

My brother Bill has got a gal, but she is such a  
charmer,

Why shouldn't I have one as well, I'm sure I  
 wouldn't harm her.  
 Home is home, sir, after all, if it's ever so humble,  
 And ven a man does all he can, a vife ought not to  
 grumble.

If I should meet one, I declare, I'd valk her out on  
 Sunday ;  
 Take her down to Greenwich fair, on every Whit-  
 sun Monday,  
 Then we'd go into the Park, and that's just the  
 thing, sir,  
 Roll down the hill, oh, vot a lark, and play at Kiss  
 in the Ring, sir.

I'm sure I is a steady man, and not like many more,  
 sirs,  
 You never see the Beadle-man hanging round the  
 door, sir.  
 But mother says I is a rake, and she much afraid  
 is,  
 I shall soon get into a scrape, for I am fond of the  
 ladies.

Now there's a lady vinked at me, I've gained her  
 affections,  
 Call and take a cup of tea, I'll give you my  
 direction,  
 No. 2, in Slaughter Yard, where they dress the  
 mutton,  
 Ring the top bell very hard, and ax for Dicky  
 Dutton.

---

**STILL SO GENTLY.**

Still so gently o'er me stealing,  
 Mem'ry will bring back the feeling,  
 Spite of all my grief revealing,  
 That I love thee, that I dearly love thee still,  
 Though some other swain may charm thee,  
 Ah ! no other ne'er can warm me ;  
 Fear not then, I will not harm thee ;  
 No, thou false one, no, no,  
 I fondly love thee still.

See those looks so fraught with sadness—  
 Once my heart was filled with gladness,  
 Now 'tis driven into madness,  
 Made unhappy, made unhappy still by thee ;  
 Yes, some other swain may claim thee,  
 Still no other e'er can warm me ;  
 Fear not, then, I will not harm thee,  
 No, false one, no, I love thee still.

Dost thou speak of me when dreaming ?  
 When a ray of light is beaming,  
 And thy innocence is gleaming ;  
 Oh, I love thee, oh, I dearly love thee still.  
 Now no other swain can claim thee,  
 Thou, my love, shall ever warm me,  
 And I swear I will not harm thee :—  
 Yes, dear one, yes, I love thee still—  
 I dearly love thee, dear one, still.

---

**THE LADS OF THE VILLAGE.**

While the lads of the village shall merrily, ah,  
 Sound the tabors, I'll hand thee along,

And say unto thee that verily, ah,  
 Thou and I will be first in the throng.

While the lads, &c.

Just then when the swain who last year won the  
 dower,

With his mates shall the sports have begun,  
 When the gay voice of gladness resounds from  
 each bower,

And thou long'st in thy heart to make one.

While the lads, &c.

Those joys which are harmless, what mortal can  
 blame?

'Tis my maxim that youth should be free,  
 And to prove that my words and my deeds are the  
 same,

Believe me thou'lt presently see.

While the lads, &c.

### WHERE IS THE ROVER.

Where, where is the rover?

Where, ah, where is he gone?

I have sought him over the mountain

I have sought him through the storm.

I have wandered through the valley,  
 No voice replies to me;

Where, where is the rover,

Where can the rover be?

Still, still I love him,

My passion proud to own,

I live but to cherish,

The love I'll ne'er drown.

I'll seek him in the valley,  
 Tho' dark the tempest be ;  
 Where, where is the rover,  
 Where can the rover be ?

### THE LOW-BACK'D CAR.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,  
 'Twas on a market day,  
 A low-back'd car she drove, and sat  
 Upon a truss of hay ;  
 But when that hay was blooming grass  
 And deck'd with flow'rs of spring,  
 No flow'r was there that could compare.  
 With the blooming girl I sing.  
 As she sat in the low-back'd car  
 The man at the turnpike bar  
 Never asked for the toll,  
 But just rubbed his old poll,  
 And look'd after the low-back'd car.  
 In battle's wild commotion,  
 The proud and mighty Mars,  
 With hostile scythes demands the tithes  
 Of death in warlike cars ;  
 While Peggy, peaceful goddess !  
 Has darts in her bright eye  
 That knock men down in the market town.  
 As right and left they fly—  
 While she sits in her low-back'd car  
 Than battle more dangerous far,  
 For the doctor's art  
 Cannot cure the heart  
 That is hit from the low-back'd car.

Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,  
 Has strings of ducks and geese,  
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters,  
 By far outnumber these,  
 While she among her poultry sits,  
 Just like a turtle-dove,  
 Well worth the cage I do engage,  
 Of the blooming god of love.  
 While she sits in her low-back'd car,  
 The lovers come near and far,  
 And envy the chicken  
 That Peggy is picking—  
 As she sits in her low-back'd car.  
 Oh! I'd rather own that car, sir,  
 With Peggy by my side,  
 Than a coach and four, and gold galore  
 And a lady for my bride;  
 For the lady would sit fornenst me,  
 On a cushion made with taste,  
 While Peggy would sit beside me,  
 With my arm around her waist.  
 While we drove in the low-back'd car  
 To be married by Father Maher,  
 Oh! my heart would beat high  
 At her glance and her sigh,  
 Though it beat in a low-back'd car.

## I LOVE THE DEWY TWILIGHT

Written by J. W. Lake, Esq., Composed by S. Glover.

I love the dewy twilight,  
 When the evening shadows fall

Thro' the day's departing beauty  
 On some ruin's ivy'd wall ;  
 When the vesper music, stealing  
 O'er the valley and the lea,  
 Wakes the heart to tender feeling !  
 Oh ! the twilight hour for me.

I love the dewy twilight,  
 When the forest leaf is still,  
 When no sound disturbs the silence,  
 Save the gentle murm'ring rill ;  
 When the silver moon is peeping,  
 Through the misty clouds that flee,  
 On sweet flow'rs, like infants sleeping :  
 Oh ! the twilight hour for me !

---

### MR. AND MRS. WHITE'S JOURNEY

A vorthy cit, vone Vitsunday,  
 Vith vife, rode out in vone horse chaie,  
 And down the street as they did trot,  
 Says Mrs. White, " I'll tell you vhat,  
 Dear Villiam White,  
 Tis my delight,  
 Vhen our veek's bills ve stick 'em,  
 That side by side  
 Ve thus should ride  
 To Vindsor or Vest Vickham."

" My loving vife, full vell you know,  
 Ve used to ride to Valthamstow ;  
 But now I thinks it much the best  
 That ve should ride towards the vest :



If you agree.  
 Dear wife, with me,  
 And wish to change the scene,  
 And ven the dust  
 Excites our thirst,  
 Ve'll stop at Valham Green."

"Oh, then!" says Mrs. White, says she,  
 "Vhat pleases you, vill sure please me;  
 Our weekly vorkings vell must go,  
 If ve this day go cheerful through;  
 For vell I loves  
 The voods and groves,  
 They raptures puts me in;  
 For you know, White,  
 Von Vitsun night,  
 You did my poor heart win."

Then Mrs. White she took the whip,  
 And smack'd poor Dobbin on the hip.  
 Vhich made him from a valk run fast,  
 And reach the long-vished inn at last.

Lo! vhen they stopp'd,  
 Out vaiter popp'd—  
 "Vhat vould you wish to take?"  
 Said White, with grin,  
 "I'll take some gin—  
 My wife takes vine and cake."

Mrs! White having took her vine,  
 To Vindsor on they vent to dine—  
 Now dinner over, White did talk:  
 "My darling wife, ve'll take a valk:  
 The path is vide  
 By vater side,

So ve vill valk together,  
 While they gets tea,  
 For you and me,  
 Ve vill enjoy the veather."

Some vicked, vanton boys there vere,  
 Who vatched, for vaggery, this pair—  
 Mrs. White cried out, "Vot are they arter?"  
 Vhen in they popp'd White in the vater.

The vicked vits  
 Then left the cits,  
 Vhen White the vaves sunk under,  
 She vept, she squall'd,  
 She vail'd, she bawl'd,  
 "Vill no vone help, I vonder!"

Her vimpering vords assistance brought,  
 And, with a boat-hook, White they sought!  
 Vhen she, with expectation big,  
 Thought he vas found—but 'tvas his vig!

White vas not found,  
 For he vas drown'd:  
 To stop her grief each bid her;  
 "Ah! no," she cried,  
 "I vas a bride,  
 But now I is a vidder."

---

### THE SOLDIER TIRED.

The soldier tired of war's alarms,  
 Forswears the charge of hostile arms,  
 And scorns the spear and shield;  
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,  
 He burns with conquest to be crown'd  
 And dares again the field.

## JEREMY DIDDLE.

Miss Nicholls lodged on the first floor,

She cleaned and mended straw bonnets  
All day, but at night she did pore

Over novels, love-stories, and sonnets  
In the same house, above stairs

Resided one Jeremy Diddler  
Who was one of those playhouse players,  
That's called by the vulgar a fiddler.

Miss N. had a musical ear,

And whilst she her bonnets was shaping,  
Her heart palpitated to hear

The fiddler delightfully scraping:  
One evening she met him, and she  
Said, "How do you do, Mr. Diddler?  
Now will you walk in and take tea?"

"To be sure I will," cries the fiddler.

She praised up his musical style,

And said he made hers quite a gay house,  
And he, in return, with a smile,

Asked her to go to the playhouse.  
Consenting, with him there she went,

And when o'er, so well did he wheedle her,  
That for supper five shillings she spent—

"I'm in a good thing," thought the fiddler.

Next day he did breakfast and dine,

Add tea along with Miss Nicholls,  
And drank up her spirits and wine,

And pegged away at her victuals.  
She asked him a gay tune to play,

But instead he began to tiddle her,  
Miss Nicholls knew not what to say,

She wondered so much at the fiddler.

"To deceive me, I fear, is your plan,"  
 Said she, "and that's not compatible."  
 "Pooh!" said he, "I'm a public man,  
 You know, and am always comeatable."  
 She did not him well comprehend,  
 For she was not much of a riddler,  
 At that time, but at nine months end,  
 She found out the rascally fiddler.

The fiddler got into a scrape,  
 He soon saw by Miss's appearance,  
 And guessed if he did not escape.  
 His pocket might soon get a clearance.  
 He ran off—but how struck one night  
 In the orchestra was Mr. Diddler,  
 When he saw Miss N. on his right,  
 Who stuck in his arms a young fiddler.

Take warning, ye fair! if ye can,  
 And don't be too forward nor chatable;  
 And remember, each public man,  
 Your corpus is always comeatable.  
 Miss N. took her babe to the play,  
 And with her too, went the beadle there,  
 And for this young b by to pay,  
 Away he marched off Mr. Diddler.

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### ON A MAY-DAY MORNING EARLY.

To the fields I carried my milking-can,  
 On a May-day Morning early,  
 And there I met with a smart young man,  
 Who vowed that he loved me dearly :

I made him a curtsey, he made me a bow,  
 He kissed me, and promised to marry. I vow—  
 Oh! I wish that young fellow was with me  
 now,

On a May-day morning early.

I try to forget him, but all in vain,

On a May-day morning early;

And if I never should see him again

It will break my heart—or nearly.

I can't bear the sight of a sheep or a cow,

I want to get married, but cannot tell how—

Oh! I wish that young fellow was with me  
 now,

On a May-day morning early.

## SUCH A DANCING OB DE NIGGER

AIR—Such a gittin' up stairs.

From Jamakey I come,

Where dey make de rum,

And beat upon de banjodrum;

Where de niggers on a Saturday night,

Turn upon de heel left and right—

An' such a drinking ob de rum,

An' a dancing ob de niggers—

Such a dancing ob de niggers,

I neber did see.

In de morning when dey rise to work,

De overseer come like Massa Turk,

Wid him dam black look, an ugly whip  
 Make Massa Peter, jump and skip,  
 An' such a making ob de rum,  
 An' flogging ob de niggers.  
 An' such a making, &c.

Den him grin him mouth, and roll him eyes.  
 An' him whip string like musquito flies,  
 Den him call him slave, and away him go,  
 An' him say you dam black nigger run  
 While him lay on de whip, an' call it—fun  
 An' such a making, &c.

Den call him slave, and away him go,  
 To assembly grand, an' point him toe  
 An' Peter see him dance de ball,  
 Put out him foot, and down him fall.  
 An' such a making, &c.

Now de time it come the moon all light,  
 De overseer say him go home quite right,  
 Den him call for Peter, give him stick,  
 An' he bang him back, an' call it slick—  
 An' such a gallop on de road,  
 An' running ob de niggers, &c.

Den away him go o'er de water deep,  
 De dam overseer him fast asleep;  
 Dey look all round on de tip ob deir toe,  
 He ask What de matter? den ober him go,  
 An' such a laughing ob de niggers, &c.

Den 'em stand an' look down de ugly place,  
 De oberseer lay smack on him face;  
 Dere him lay wid him nose quite flat,  
 An' Peter say, d t tit for tat—  
 An' such a dancing ob de niggers, &c.

## THE MINSTREL BOY.

The minstrel boy to the war has gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind him.  
 "Land of Song," cried the warrior-bard,  
 "Though all the world betrays thee,  
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain,  
 Could not bring that proud soul under;  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its chords asunder;  
 And said, "No chains shall sully thee  
 Thou soul of love and bravery!  
 Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
 They never shall sound in slavery."

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## LOVE IN A HAYBAND.

Did you ne'er hear of one Richard Short's history?  
 If you did not, I'll tell it you now;  
 All over our town it was thought quite a mystery.  
 He was a young man that followed the plough.  
 But he got tired of that kind of life, did,  
 Was hired as ostler, at the sign of the Crown;  
 Fell in love with the maid, wanted her for a wife,  
 did,  
 'Twas very well known to the folk of our town.

This lass, Nelly Long, was dressish and dapper,  
 And though our Dick was a good-looking lad,

She snubbed him, and scoffed him, for she was a snapper,

And said as right how that she warnt to be had.  
For she lov'd a lad that was handsome and bigger,  
And he came from Lunnun, and wasn't a clown;  
His name it was Sly, and he was a grave-digger,  
And was very well known to the folks of our town.

Now as Nelly right flat his wife did refuse to be,  
Richard he lost all his comfort and hope,  
And said as he didn't feel like what he used to be,  
He'd hang himself if he could find a rope.  
He wandered about, while with love he did falter,  
But the devil a rope he could find up or down,  
So he twisted a hay-band, and made him a halter,  
'Twas very well known to the folk of our town.

He hung himself up to a tree in a meadow,  
He felt all over he couldn't tell how;  
His legs were a-stretching, his feet couldn't tread,  
O,

When up came, by chance, Farmer Giles's old cow.

She snapp'd at the hay, and took hold of the band fast,

Plucked out a mouthful, which brought Dickey down;

He jumped on his legs, and away then he ran fast,  
And was never more seen by the folk in our town.

Now mark what a judgment came on this lass Nelly,

For being so hard-hearted to this poor lad;



She by the grave-digger got stout about the belly,  
 And he ran away, leaving her all so sad.  
 She, when too late, found she was betrayed, and  
 Relations they all turned their backs with a  
 frown,  
 She laid in, and her boy it was marked with a hay-  
 band,  
 'Twas very well known to the folk in our town.

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## BE A GOOD BOY AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

When I was at home with my father and mother,  
 I bate the old couple, and Thady, my brother;  
 At larning I mane—for I handled my spade,  
 And natly I followed the turf cutting trade.  
 But ould Father Murphy, our parish director,  
 He now and then gave me a bit of a lecture—  
 "Arrah, Barney," says he, "your a frolicsome elf,  
 But be a good boy, and take care of yourself."  
 With your toorle lol, toorle lol, toorle loi loo!

My Judy I lov'd, and oft gave her a kiss,  
 "Fie, Barney," says she, but ne'er took it amiss.  
 One night I took leave—says I, "Judy, I'm off!"  
 But heard, as I thought, in the closet a cough,  
 So I open'd the door, and I stared like a pig,  
 There stood ould Father Murphy, without hat or  
 wig!  
 "Arrah, Father!" says I, "you're a frolicsome elf,  
 But be a good boy, and take care of yourself!"  
 With your toorle, &c.

I was going, but ould Father Murphy cried  
 "Stay!  
 We'll settle this matter—I'll tell you the way;  
 I'll marry you straight, and then, Barney, you  
 know"—  
 "Thank'ee, Father," said I, "but I'd much rather  
 go!"  
 So to ould Father Murphy I bade a good night,  
 And to Judy I said, what you'll own was quite  
 right—  
 "Arrah, Judy!" says I, "you're a frolicsome elf,  
 But I'll be a good boy, and take care of mysel!"  
 With my toorle, &c.

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## THE WIFE'S DREAM.

Music by Henry Russell.

"Now tell me, Mary, how it is that you can look  
 so gay,  
 When ev'ning after ev'ning your husband is away!  
 I never saw you sulk or pout, or say an angry  
 word;  
 And yet you've plenty cause for tears, if all be true  
 I've heard."  
 "It is because, my sister dear, a husband you ne'er  
 wed,  
 Nor saw your children gath'ring round, and asking  
 you for bread;  
 You ne'er can know how it becomes a woman's lot  
 through life,  
 To be, e'en to a drunkard's faults, a faithful loving  
 wife.

"And yet I can recal the time when bitter tears I  
shed,

And, when my husband stagger'd home, what  
angry words I said ;

I never thought that I could be as cheerful now I  
seem,

Yet this happy change was brought about by a  
simple little dream.

One ev'ning as I sat beside our humble cottage  
door,

And listen'd for my husband's step, as oft I'd done  
before,

Some wicked thoughts came in my mind, and bit-  
terly I said,

"I never wish to see him more! oh, would that he  
were dead!"

"They say the wretched cannot rest, but surely 'tis  
not so,

For very soon I fell asleep, 'midst tears of grief and  
woe

I dream'd I had my wish fulfill'd—my husband  
was no more,—

I fell upon his lifeless form, and kissed him o'er and  
o'er.

Oh, Dermot, darling, speak to me! I meant not  
what I said ;

Oh, speak one word unto your wife—say, say you  
are not dead!"

"And sure I'm not, my Mary dear!"—I woke up  
with a scream,

And found my husband standing by—his death  
was but a dream!

And since that time, whene'er I feel disposed to be  
unkind,

The warning of that fearful dream comes fresh  
 before my mind ;  
 And, though it costs me many a pang to know the  
 life he leads,  
 I try to greet him with a smile, when oft my poor  
 heart bleeds !  
 I'll humbly put my trust in God, and ask for  
 strength to bear,  
 The trials that he sends on earth for all of us to  
 share ;  
 And if by patience I can change my husband's  
 wand'ring life,  
 I'll bless the hour that dream was sent to his  
 neglected wife ! "

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### I LOVE THE GENTLE MOON-LIGHT.

Written by J. W. Lake, Esq., Composed by S.  
 Glover.

I love the gentle moonlight,  
 When its silver steps are seen,  
 With the village lads and lasses,  
 Gaily dancing on the green ;  
 With their faces full of pleasure,  
 And their hearts from sorrow free,  
 To the merry music's measure !  
 Oh ! the gentle moon for me !

I love the gentle moonlight,  
 When it smiles upon the flow'r.  
 Like a mother o'er her first-born,  
 Sleeping in its cradle bow'r !  
 There is glory in the sunset,  
 When it sinks beneath the sea ;  
 But the moonlight is so lovely ;  
 Oh ! the gentle moon for me !